
Title: On Love

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By Ekôth Ilzäeum
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Foreward:

This book entails my research and essential discoveries of Love. I am almost certain more readers will disagree than agree with what is written, but I implore you to read with an open mind. I write this as an answer for the doubtful, for unenlightened minds, and for those of any interest in the subject. Be warned: if you favor Love highly, this tome will either anger you or make you question your ways, but this might be a good thing. Read at your own discretion.

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“The forbearance of Love: glories, passion, unmatched splendor. It promises eternal devotion and companionship, a spirited bond between two of like-minds. A relation every soul since birth longs for. There is no greater power than Love, no greater force. It claims dominion over all things living and dead. Love can overpower any

foe, any obstacle, even
the very epitome of evil.
Without Love, there is
only ruin; there is only
loneliness and a lack of
purpose. Without Love,
there is no reason to
embrace the continuum of
life. There is no reason
to go on. There is no
reason for future, as
future is only death by
misery. Love is the
remedy. Love is
perfection. Love is
absolution. It is life's
clearest reason."

These are highlights
from a speech given by
Ilirim the Philosopher
some decades ago on the
concepts of Love. He
gave this speech to an
auditorium complete with
feeble scholars yearning
to be taught of truth
and life's deepest
meanings. As they were
so quick to obtain
knowledge and wisdom, and
considering how highly
esteemed this philosopher
was, they instantly
accepted this idea. They
took it as truth. They
welcomed it. They shared
it. They spread it like a
plague. And its
consequences were dire.
Too many were falling to
the lies of this loose
theory. But, after all, it
was "Love," the
so-called greatest gift to
all. How could one
refuse?

This is a common act
of ignorant corruption.
The concepts of Love are
clear to many, but its
ideal purpose is to
provide us with a false
shield that will protect
our minds from the
darker truths, a veil for
those enveloped in fear.

Denial is created, a
method of escape from
realizing the possibility
that Love is not what it
seems to be. The
incessant denial leads to
ignorance. This is a poison
that leaks into the mind
and eventually into every
cell of the body. The
shield that once produced
invincibility crumbles and
backfires, leaving the
individual entirely
defenseless and
extraordinarily weak.
Death is guaranteed. It
all happens in an instant;
the “protection” is only
temporary.

The glories of Love
are nonexistent. They are
illusions and the means to
turn any subject prone
to Love into dust. When
one loves, he is taking on
an obsession that will
cloud his judgment and
affect every single action
he takes henceforth. He
will be required to take
into consideration the
consequences of what he
does, how it will affect
his lover. All his stray
thoughts will return to
Love. He will think of
nothing else, only the
pleasantries that Love
provides. They are
shackles that bind him; he
is motionless, no longer
of freewill. If death is to
befall his maiden, he will
be lost and in ruin.
Devastation will take him.
He will not be able to
reason or think otherwise.
He will mourn, mourn, and
mourn, leaving him in one
of the weakest states
possible. Poison and death
will feed on his
lamentations. Thanks to
the “glories of Love,”
he will soon be pressed
under the cold earth

alongside his wife. And
the remainders of this
Love will spread, as this
sly corruption does not
die.

Practitioners of Love
will claim its passion is
like fire. This passion is
supposedly unmatched, a
splendor only those who
have experienced Love
could possibly fathom.
Indeed, it is similar to
fire. When first
experienced, the flames
will warm and rekindle a
downed spirit. One will
soon grow attached to
this undying haven of
warmth and comfort, a
solace ever present. He
will desire to go beyond
and risk improving this
warmth. He will be
curious as to how the
flames actually feel and
work, like reaching a
further state in Love. He
will try to get to know
the flames better. He will
touch them. He will touch
his love. He will back
away and try again. He
will continue until he is
no longer afraid of
anything else, for Love
now fully protects him.
He will dive into the fire,
and the passion will roar
through his body as his
flesh cracks and burns to
cinder. He is as easily
swept away as ashes,
regardless of time. Love
induced him, it consoled
him, and once it fully
gained his trust, it
betrayed him. This passion
is of fire, a deceitful
one. The essence of
duplicity.

Love can overpower
nothing but the naïve
individual who accepts it.
And since so many accept
it, it makes itself well
known and silently leaves

its true reason tucked
away. Love is an emotion
created by the living. It
is an idea, a mental
conjunction. It is in
question as to how
something that has no
proof of existence
whatsoever can be so
overpowering. Simply put,
simply understandable, yet
known to very, very few,
Love is useless. You
serve a false idea and
allow your insanity to
overpower yourself and
leave you blind and
defenseless, never once
aware that it never
existed. Some who have
lost Love and lived have
claimed it is not real.

Love requires an
extraordinary amount of
energy. It is energy
wasted and used
unknowingly to destroy
one's self. All energy is
promised to be sacrificed
to Love: cherishing,
making memories, devotion,
marriage, sacrifice, death,
grievance. It is interesting
that the element of Hate
requires almost just as
much energy as Love
does. Both of them are
emotions created by the
living, both fixations, both
acts of ignorant
corruption.

The temptations of
Love. They fill the world
just as much as the air
does. They are noxious,
poisons without antidotes
unless caught before the
seeds of commitment are
sown. They are servants
of a false design. Love is
not perfection, it is a
perfect idea. It is a
brilliant plan to teach to
those who you wish to
eliminate. But in doing so,
you are opening a door
that will lead you into

accepting the possibility
that Love is a wonderful
thing. Once again, ignorant
corruption. It's too
simple to be fooled by
this illusion. Do not allow
this seed of venom to
plant itself within you. Do
not follow Love's
artificial principles. What
worth is there in
following something that
only leads to ruin?

Love: a fallacy.